

THE

Maid of Sensibility.

A much-admired Ballad.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.



SHOULD the rude hand of Care wound my partner
in life,

He ever shall find his best friend in his Wife ;
In the midst of his woes, if on me he'll recline,
His sorrows, his anguish, his tears shall be mine.

Should cheerfulness prompt him to mirthful employ,
My invention shall seem to enliven his joy ;
When the light-footed hours all with gaiety shine,
His pleasures, his transport, his smiles shall be mine.

The Wife, 'tis agreed, best her station adorns,
When spreading life's roses, and blunting its thorns ;
So with care I'll select its most valuable flow'rs,
And their fragrance, their beauty, their bloom shall
be ours.

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